

A CAPTAIN IN THE RANKS

By George Carey Eggleston

(Continued from Last Week.)

SYNOPSIS.

Captain Gullford Duncan, C. S. A., takes part in the last fight, at Appomattox, and leaves the army. He then determines to go to Cairo, Ill. Although well educated and a lawyer, Captain Duncan is without family or money, and works his passage to Cairo. Here he saves Captain Hallam's cotton from fire, and Captain Hallam, a modern "captain of industry," hires Captain Duncan, and quickly advances in his employer's estimation. He saves Captain Hallam's coal fleet from destruction by a storm, and is made a partner by Captain Hallam. The young man becomes a force of good among the young men of Cairo. Barbara Verna, a young lady, runs the boarding house in which Captain Duncan takes his meals. Captain Duncan is thanked by Barbara for saving her from annoyance by mischievous boys. He determines to call upon her.

Captain Duncan invites Barbara to a dance. He incurs the enmity of Napper Tandy, a capitalist, a rival of Captain Hallam, by making of the latter's coal mine a paying property, in competition with one of Tandy's properties. At the coal mine Duncan meets an old acquaintance, Dick Temple, now working as a miner. Dick Temple suggests a way to increase the output of the mine and is appointed engineer. XVI—Duncan, who is in love with Barbara, Napper Tandy attempts to bribe Duncan. Duncan proposes to Barbara. She tells him she cannot give him a decided answer. Napper Tandy circulates the story that Duncan has asked him for a bribe. To retaliate, Hallam proposes to buy sufficient shares in Tandy's bank to elect Duncan president. Dick Temple is commissioned by Hallam to buy the bank stock. Barbara tells Duncan she cannot marry him because she is the daughter of a thief.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEN Duncan left his room on the evening of Temple's conference with Will Hallam he passed down the stairs and into the Hallam offices, where he still had a little working den of his own, for use when he did not care to see the people who sought him at his law office.

As he entered he found a little note upon his desk, and he recognized Barbara's small round hand in the superscription. Opening the envelope eagerly, he read the few lines within:

You may come for your answer whenever it is convenient—any evening, I mean, for I am at leisure only in the evenings. There is a great deal for me to tell you, and it is going to be very hard for me to tell it, but it is my duty, and I must do it of course. I'm afraid it won't be a pleasant evening for either of us.

There was no address, but Duncan observed with pleasure as a hopeful sign that the little missive was signed "Barbara."

"She wouldn't have signed it in that informal way, with only her first name, if she meant to break off the acquaintance," he argued with himself. And yet the substance of the note was discouraging in the extreme, so that Gullford Duncan was a very apprehensive and unhappy man as he hurried to Barbara's home. He still held her note crushed in his hand as he entered the house, and he read it over twice while waiting for her to appear.

She could say no word as he stood looking eagerly into her eyes, as if questioning them. He, too, was silent for perhaps a minute, when at last, realizing the girl's distressing agitation, he gently took her hand, saying in his soft, winning voice:

"You are not well. You must sit down."

"Oh, it isn't that," she answered as she seated herself bolt upright upon the least easy chair in the room. "It is what I must tell you."

"What is it? I am waiting anxiously to hear."

"You must be very patient then," she answered, with difficulty. "It is hard

ance, and he gave it by speaking soothingly to her, saying: "You are to begin wherever you find it easiest to begin, and you are to tell me nothing that it distresses you to tell."

"Oh, but all of it distresses me, and I must tell it—all of it."

Again Duncan spoke soothingly, and presently the girl began again.

"Well, first, I can never—I mean I mustn't—I mustn't say 'yes' to the questions you asked me that other time."

"You mean when I asked if you would be my wife?"

"Yes. That's it. Thank you very much. That's the first thing I am to tell you."

"Who bade you tell me that?"

"Oh, nobody, or, rather, I mean nobody told me I mustn't say 'yes,' but after I had made up my mind that I mustn't, then auntie said I was bound to tell you about it all. I wanted to write it, but she said that wouldn't be fair and that I must tell you myself."

"But why did you make up your mind that you mustn't say 'yes'? Can you not love me, Barbara?"

"Oh, yes—I mean no—or, rather, I mustn't."

"But if you can, why is it that you mustn't?"

That question at last gave Barbara courage to speak. It seemed to nerve her for the ordeal and at the same time to point a way for the telling.

"Why, I mustn't love you, Mr. Duncan, because I cannot marry you. You see, that would be very wrong. When you—well, when you asked me those questions, it startled me, and I didn't know what to say, but after you had gone away that night I saw clearly that I mustn't think of such a thing. It would be so unfair to you."

"But how would it be unfair? It would be doing the one thing in the world that I want you to do. It would be giving me the one woman in the world whom I want for my wife, the only woman I shall ever think of marrying."

"But you mustn't think of that any more. You see, Mr. Duncan, I am not fit to be your wife. I should be a terrible drag upon you. You are already a man of prominence, and everybody says you are soon to become a man of great distinction. You must have a wife worthy of such a man, a wife who can help him and do him credit in society. Now, you know I could never become that sort of woman. I am only an obscure girl. I don't know how. I cannot talk brilliantly. I couldn't impress people as your wife must. I am not even educated in any regular way. I've just grown up in my own fashion—in the shade, as it were—and the strong sunlight would only emphasize my insignificance."

"Will you let me say one word at this point, Barbara?" broke in Duncan in spite of her effort to prevent. "You are wronging yourself and you are wronging me. As God lives, I tell you there is no woman in the world so fit to be my wife as you are. My only wish is that I were worthy to have such a wife! I intend, of course, to achieve all that I can—to make the best use I can of such faculties as I possess, but nothing imaginable could so greatly help me to do that as the inspiration of your love and the stimulus of knowing that you were to be always by my side."

An occasional tear was by this time trickling down the girl's cheeks. How could it be otherwise when the man she loved and honored above all others was so tenderly saying such things of her and to her with a sincerity too greatly passionate to be open to any doubt? How could it be otherwise when she knew that she must put aside the love of this man, her hero, the only love, as she knew in her inmost soul, that she could ever think of with rejoicing so long as she should live?

She would have interrupted the passionate pleading if her voice had been under control. As it was she sat silent while he went on.

"I have spoken of my ambitions first and of your capacity to help them not because such things are first in my estimation, but because you have treated them as worthy of being put first. There are much higher things to be thought of. What a man achieves is of far less consequence than what a man is. That which I ask of you is to help me to be the best that I am capable of being, and for you to be it with me. I want to make the most, the best, the happiest life for you that is possible. Oh, Barbara, you will never know how longingly I dream of a home with you at its head! You cannot know how absolutely the worthiness of my life depends upon such a linking of it with yours."

The girl had completely given way to her emotions now, but with that resolute self mastery which was a dominant note in her nature she presently controlled herself.

"You do not know all," she said. "You have not heard all I have to tell you. You haven't heard the most important part of it. I have only told you what I thought on that evening when—when you asked—questions. I still think that ought to settle the matter, but you seem to think—perhaps you might have convinced me, or at least—oh, you don't know! There are other reasons—stronger reasons, reasons that nothing can remove."

"Tell me of them. I can imagine no reason whatever that could satisfy me."

"It is very hard to tell. You know I never knew my parents. Both my mother and my father died on the day I was born. I seem to know my mother, because auntie loved her so much and has talked to me so much about her all my life. But she never talked

to me much about my father. His family was a good one, his father having been a banker, with some reputation as an artist also, and my father was his partner in business. But that is all I know of my father—no, that isn't what I meant to say. I meant to say that that is all my aunt ever told me about him and all I knew until the night when you asked me—questions. After you went away that evening I went to my room and thought the matter out. I have already told you what conclusions I reached. When I had decided I went to auntie's room and sat on the side of her bed and told her everything. She cried bitterly—I didn't understand why at first. After awhile she said she didn't at all agree with me in my conclusions and added:

"If the things you mention were all, Bab, I should tell you to stop thinking of them and let Mr. Duncan judge for himself, but there is something else, Bab—something very dreadful. I never intended to tell you of it, but now I must. You would find it out very soon, for Tandy's wife knows it, and if she heard that there was anything between you and Mr. Duncan she would make haste to talk of it, particularly after what has happened between Tandy and Mr. Duncan. Then you would never forgive me for not telling you."

"She went on then and told me what I must tell you. She told me, Mr. Duncan, that I am the daughter of a thief!"

The girl paused, unable to go on. Duncan saw that she was suffering acutely, and he determined to spare her.

"You must stop now, Barbara," he said in a caressing tone. "You are overwrought. I will hear the rest another time when you feel stronger and send for me. I am going to say good night now, so that you may rest. But before I go I want to say that nothing you have told me can make the least difference in my feelings or my desires or my purposes. You are what you are. Nothing else matters. When you feel strong enough I will come again and persuade you to be my wife. Good night!"

As she stood facing him, with unutterable distress in every line of her face, he leaned forward impulsively, but with extreme gentleness, and reverently kissed her.

(To be continued.)

A Mistaken Diagnosis.

In the boom days of Wichita one of the characters of the city was a lawyer, big, portly, big voiced, big necked and given to making political speeches.

He had a nasty way of talking about other people. One night while he was haranguing in the street one of the men whom he had attacked several times got excited, drew a knife and stabbed the orator.

He fell to the street, writhing and shouting: "I'm killed! I'm killed!" They took him into a billiard room and laid him out on a billiard table. Word got to the newspaper offices, and the reporters came hurrying down.

The lawyer was stretched on the billiard table delivering his last speech, he said. In the middle of an impressive paragraph he saw the reporters.

He raised himself and bellowed, "Draw nigh, draw nigh, ye hounds of the press, and see a R-o-m-a-n die!"

And then the doctor came and found the knife had penetrated him about a sixteenth of an inch.—Saturday Evening Post.

Marshall Field's Advice.

A young bond salesman for a New York house interviewed Marshall Field in the spring of 1905 with a view to selling him a number of Pennsylvania railroad guaranteed bonds, yielding a little less than 4 per cent. "Young man," said Mr. Field, "you are only wasting my time and yours. I like your bonds. When the trustees of my estate come to investing the interest on my investment I hope they will buy that kind of bonds, but I am a business man and do not care to put a large part of my surplus in a fully developed property any more than I should care to buy out a business enterprise that seemed to me to have reached the limit of its growth, no matter how solid it might be. Your bonds are too good for me." Mr. Field. It will be noted, invested his surplus on the same principle upon which he built up his business—namely, to put the money where it has a chance to grow.—World's Work.

A Book on a Page.

Some of the feats attributed to ancient masters of calligraphy are almost past belief. A man knew an artist who wrote a distich in letters of gold, which he inclosed in the rind of a grain of corn. Oxford boasts a portrait of Charles I. which has as the lines of the head and ruff characters setting forth the book of Psalms, the creed and the Lord's Prayer. In the British museum is a portrait of Queen Anne about the size of one's hand. Upon it are what seem at first sight to be certain scratches, but which prove to be a transcript of a book. The "Iliad" of Homer in a nutshell, which Cicero is said by Pliny to have seen, sounds impossible, but it has been shown that the thing is feasible, given the man and that man the patience. A thin sheet of vellum, capable of folding easily, has been found to take 7,500 verses upon one side and the same number on the reverse. There you have the 15,000 verses of the "Iliad" all upon a single slip of vellum. The latter folds up, and readily, and you have your Homer in a nutshell.—St. James' Gazette.

Morning Astorian, 65 cents per month, delivered by carrier.

IN THE CITY CHURCHES.

Norwegian M. E. Church.

The pastor will preach at 11:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m. Evening theme, first lecture on "John Bunyan and Pilgrim's Progress." Sunday school at 10:00 a. m.

Baptist Church.

"Christ Lifted Up" and "God's Call to Men," are the themes of sermons to be preached at the Baptist church; Sunday school at 10 a. m. and B. Y. P. U. at 7:15 p. m. Everybody cordially invited.

First Lutheran Church.

Services as usual at the First Lutheran church. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m., Miss Alma Nyland, superintendent; morning service in Swedish at 10:45; evening service in English at 8 o'clock; subject of sermon, "Deceit." All are cordially invited to attend.

On Tuesday, August 28th, the Sunday school will give its annual picnic. The place selected for this outing is Fort Clatsop on the Lewis & Clark River. Further announcement later.

Presbyterian Church.

Rev. D. A. Thompson, pastor of the Sellwood Presbyterian Church of Portland will preach morning and evening. Mr. Thompson and the pastor of the church have exchanged for the day. Sunday school, 12:15; Y. P. S. C. E., 7 o'clock. The Young Men's League and the Young Women's bible class will meet together, 12:15.

Grace Church.

Services Sunday as usual. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.; Sunday school omitted. Rev. J. E. H. Simpson of St. Mark's church, Portland, will conduct service at Holy Innocents' chapel in Uppertown, at 10:30 a. m. The service which was to have been held at Chadwell in the afternoon has been postponed.

Peniel Mission.

On Tuesday evening next, at the Peniel Mission on Tenth street, there will be held a special Scandinavian meeting, to which all members of that race are cordially invited.

First M. E. Church.

Morning sermon, "Is Life Worth Living?" evening sermon, "The First Coward in the World." Sunday school at 12:15; Epworth League at 7:00; Wednesday evening service for prayer, praise and bible study, theme, "To What Extent Should We Go To Secure the Salvation of Others?" You are invited to attend all these services.

"Aw—really," remarked Gussie Dudley, "isn't it ridiculous to say 'clothes do not make the man'?" "Quite so," replied Cholly Dresser, "if one didn't have so many clothes one would not need a man."—Philadelphia Press.

Cures Sciatica

Rev. W. L. Riley, L. L. D., Cuba, New York, writes: "After fifteen days of excruciating pain from sciatic rheumatism, under various treatments, I was induced to try Ballard's Snow Liniment; the first application giving my first relief and the second entire relief. I can give it unqualified recommendation. 25c. 50c, \$1.00. Sold by Hart's drug store.

"I am not quite satisfied with your references," said the lady of the house to the cook applying for work. "Nay—ther am I, mum, but they're the best I could get."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Herbire

Renders the bile more fluid and thus helps the blood to flow; it affords prompt relief from biliousness, indigestion, sick and nervous headaches, and over-indulgence in food and drink.

G. L. Caldwell, Agt. M. K. and T. R. R., Checotah, Ind. Ter., writes, April 18, 1903: "I was sick for over two years with enlargement of the liver and spleen. The doctors did me no good, and I had given up all hope of being cured, when my druggist advised me to use Herbire. It has made me sound and well." 50c. Sold by Hart's drug store.

Two months ago the czar referred to the members of the duma as "the best men in Russia," and it may yet be proved that he picked the winners.

"Make Hay While the Sun Shines."

There is a lesson in the work of the thrifty farmer. He knows that the bright sunshine may last but a day and he prepares for the showers that are liable to follow. So it should be with every household. Dysentery, diarrhoea and cholera morbus may attack some member of the home without warning. Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which is the best known medicine for these diseases, should always be kept at hand, as immediate treatment is necessary, and delay may prove fatal. For sale by Frank Hart.

A Word of Warning



Don't buy substitutes for MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM POWDER. "Just as good" is only a deceit by which a dealer tries to make money out of the superiority and success of MENNEN'S POWDER. There's nothing just as good as MENNEN'S and users of substitutes and imitations risk skin, complexion and comfort in doing so. As a protection to health use Mennen's Powder and only Mennen's. Have you tried MENNEN'S VIOLET BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER? Ladies partial to violet perfume will find Mennen's Violet Powder fragrant with the odor of fresh plucked Parma Violets.

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"You are not well. You must sit down," to say, and I don't know where to begin. Oh, yes; I know now. I must begin where we left off when—well, that other time."

Duncan saw that she peeped, assist-